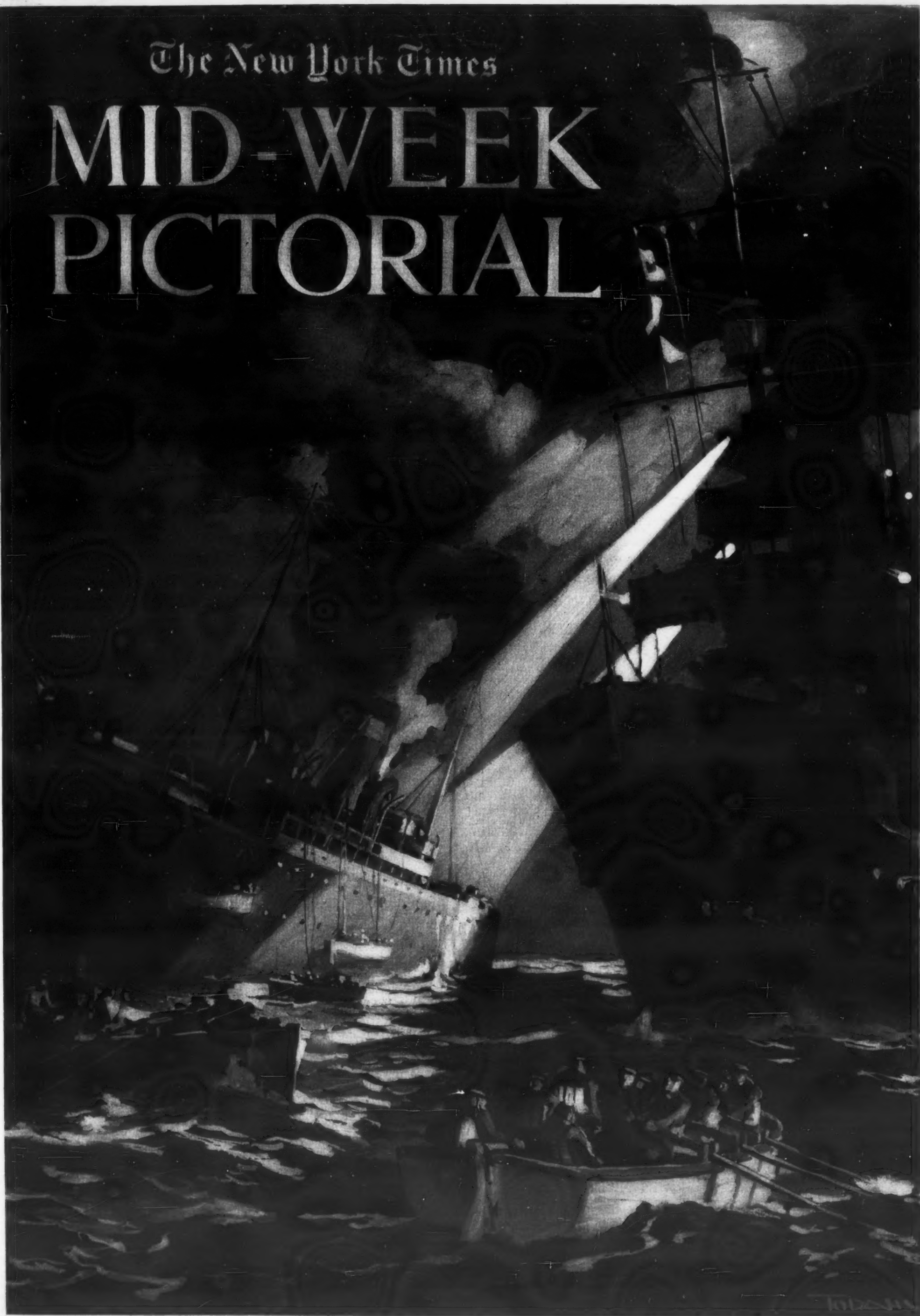


The New York Times

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



TO THE AID OF THE WOUNDED HESPERIAN

The British Warship Rescuing the Survivors of the Hesperian,
Fatally Damaged Off the Irish Coast on September 4, 1915.

**The New York Times
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The Situation

(Week ending September 13)

THE chief news comes from the eastern battlefield. On the left bank of the Dvina, southeast of Riga, the Russians are fighting vigorously and are making progress in the region between the Missa River position and the Gross-Ekau-Neuhut railroad. West of Jacobstadt the fighting continues with undiminished intensity. In the direction of Dvinsk there have been advance guard engagements north of Abel. On the road from Vilkomir the Germans in strong force have taken an energetic offensive since the morning of Sept. 9, while Russian machine guns and the Russian automobile detachment contributed actively to a repulse of the Teutons. Beginning with Sept. 10, the Germans, with much artillery, made strong attacks east of Grodno, but these attacks were repulsed by Russian artillery and machine guns. Whether with justice or not, the Russians accuse the Germans of driving the inhabitants from Rozhany and using them as a screen in approaching the Russian positions. But the larger news on the eastern front comes from that corner of Galicia which is still in Russian hands, and here the Russians have, within the last week, reported three considerable victories in the district between Tarnopol and Trembowla on the Sereth. An estimate coming from an English war correspondent states that in the Sereth fighting the Teutons have lost, in the last few days, not less than 100,000 men, and it will be remembered that again and again very large numbers of prisoners, largely Austrians, have been captured in this district. Both German and Austrian bulletins report checks of their forces on the Sereth, thus confirming the Russian reports.

In Gallipoli things are still practically static and, should all elements of the problem remain constant, it will take months yet before there is a decisive result. But the elements may change at any moment, whether through failure of munitions on the Turkish side or large accessions of force on the side of the Entente powers, but it is certain that the Allies have their hands full. Meanwhile the Teutonic drive through Serbia has not yet developed.

The Italian war-zone has reported no very noteworthy events during the last week though there has been some brilliant fighting on the Maglerspitz, nearly 11,000 feet high, and on the Carso plateau which lies to the north of Trieste some ground has been gained by the Italians. In France, while there has been intense fighting both in the Vosges and in the Argonne region no great amount of ground has changed hands. There it is simply a question of consuming the forces of the adversary.

But perhaps the most spectacular event of the week was the announcement from Russia that Tsar Nicholas II. would take command of his armies in person, the Grand Duke Nicholas becoming Commander in Chief in the Caucasus region, which is, traditionally, the post next in importance to that of the supreme command of Russia's European Army.

Here and There Among the Pictures
Comments by a Trained Observer
On Illustrations in This Issue**The Sinking of the Hesperian**

THE most striking physical difference between the sinking of the Hesperian and that of her predecessors, the Lusitania and the Arabic, is that while the two latter sunk in a few minutes the Hesperian remained afloat for many hours, though reported to be as cleanly torpedoed as they were. From the pieces of metal collected after the explosion the inference is drawn that a torpedo, not a floating mine, was the cause of the Hesperian's sinking. So far the much greater buoyancy of the Hesperian does not seem to have been clearly explained, though there is a suggestion that water-tight bulkheads, which divide the hull of the vessel into comparatively small compartments, each of which is isolated from all the others, may have been the effective element. But the main point is this—if it was possible for the Hesperian, by means of bulkheads or whatever it may have been, to isolate the area of damage and leakage and so to remain afloat for hours after being torpedoed, why was it not equally possible for the Lusitania, and for the matter of that, for the Titanic also? Surely there must be some practical way of building a great steel hull in compartments, a sort of metal honeycomb, which would make it in reality and not in name only, as unsinkable as the Titanic was supposed to be. If this can be done, then the sinking of these great vessels will not have been in vain. (See cover.)

Where Air Craft Clash

IN air battles fact has run ahead of fiction. Neither Rudyard Kipling nor H. G. Wells nor Conan Doyle, on all of whom we are accustomed to rely for this kind of thing, has really risen to the opportunity. Tennyson so far holds the record with the fine line about "crimson rain," written in a by-gone age, as it seems, in Locksley Hall, in which he also foretold The Hague Conferences. But the "scientific romancers" have been left behind. The truth is things have gone too rapidly for our imaginations. It is only the other day that we read the announcements, within a few months of each other, of Peary's discovery of the North Pole and of Bleriot's then unprecedented flight across the English Channel. Even at outset of the war the possibilities of militancy (also a word with curious by-gone memories) of the aeroplane were not realized, while those of the blundering Zeppelin were vastly overrated. But we have since been thrilled with magnificent stories beggaring fiction, of aeroplane versus Zeppelin, and more recently of aeroplane versus aeroplane, where the wings of the machines have been riddled with shrapnel bullets, where the observer has been shot dead in his seat, where the gasoline tank has caught fire and gone up in a blaze. Kipling, in "The Night Mail," showed his gift for aerial writing. Perhaps, now that he is in France in the trenches, he will give us an aeroplane battle that will be worth remembering. (See page 3.)

English Losses at Gallipoli

ONE still remains in doubt concerning the genuine military value of "the Dardanelles adventure," undertaken by France and

England. One is almost tempted to say that those who planned it diligently sought out the most stubborn military problem, the one certain to cost the most, and then, in a spirit of obstinacy, set themselves to crack the nut. The objective is, of course, Constantinople. If so then the lay reader is tempted to ask why not go straight for Constantinople by means of a dual landing of French and English on the Gulf of Saros, and of Russians on the Bosphorus. The whole Turkish army seems to be on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Then why not draw a line across the narrow peninsula at Bulair and bottle them up, at the same time pushing on to Stamboul? There can be no impediments, whether of landing or of land obstacles greater than those on the peninsula, and, in any case, if Constantinople is defensible it will be defended even if Gallipoli is taken. But it cannot be denied that even if the fighting on the tongue of land along the Dardanelles has not always been "war" it has always been "magnificent." Sir Ian Hamilton's great dispatch describing the landing has been as fine a piece of writing as the war has produced, and all we hear of the Turks—who seem but slenderly supplied with special correspondents—shows that they, too, are fighting superbly. And among the dramatic incidents it would not be easy to find one more dashing and picturesque than the deliberate beaching of the steamship River Clyde to facilitate the landing of troops aboard her. Under the direction of Midshipman George L. Drewry a bridge of lighters was formed from the ship through the shallow water to the shore, and the subsequent mending of this bridge earned for him and for four others the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross. (See page 4.)

The Tyrolean Spy's Daughter

THE little daughter of the spy caught sniping at the Italian invaders cannot but touch the heart, reminding us of the sorrows of children in this war which is being fought, more, perhaps, than any previous war in history, for children and for children's children. The sufferings of the children of Belgium, both through the loss of their parents and in their own persons are written large in history, therefore a tale on the other side is altogether worthy of note. Children have, in an unprecedented degree, entered into this war as belligerents, for the maker of ammunition is as really a belligerent as the soldier who fires that ammunition; and in both France and Germany both women and children are engaged in large numbers in the ammunition factories. And even on the firing line there are numbers of children, not only youthful warriors, like the Prince of Wales and King Albert's boys, but also thousands of little chaps, especially in the Russian Army, who, playing truant from school, are employed in the trenches to carry cartridges to the men on the firing line. So there is a certain tragical fitness in the picture of the weeping daughter of this Tyrolean sniper and spy. For the moment there is a lull among the Tyrolean hills. It has become necessary to clear away barricades constructed by the Austrians and to build roads among the rocks. The Austrian defense works had long ago been placed in such condition that to attempt to take them by sur-

prise was hopeless. It is necessary to proceed methodically against each one of them, and this as the bulletins reiterate is necessarily slow work, not merely because of the well-prepared resistance of the Austrians but because of the difficulty of moving middle-weight and heavy artillery in the mountains. (See page 5.)

Russian Machine Guns

THE daring photographer who snap-shot the Russian machine gun has given a vivid word-picture of the trench in which he found it. A kilometre behind the trenches we left our horses and went on foot into the lines themselves. In the wood through which we walked were great spaces of blackened tree stumps where shell-caused fire had raged. There were huge holes made by the German guns, and fallen trees, splintered and torn, marked the course of many a shot. Down a little slope and we were in the trench that led up zig-zag to the edge of the wood where the Russian soldiers stood at their loopholes, rifle in hand, keen eyes peering cautiously across the wire-entangled space between them and the foe. In that trench we stood for several hours, while shrapnel shells screamed in the sky above us, and the many German rifle bullets spattered against the pine wood slabs which formed the walls and ceiling of the trench. Some men were not on duty. In the dug-outs where they in turn retired to sleep men sat and ate their meals. Some read in the dim light. One man played a roughly-made balalaika softly and sang a quiet tune. An officer shaved carefully and without haste. Other soldiers sat in silence, faces calm and indifferent to their surroundings; a little blasé, perhaps, a little tired of it all. They must have wondered at our presence there; surely no man would come unless he must! (See page 6.)

Death Behind the Rider

MORE should be said in the dispatches of the splendid work performed day and night under conditions of the greatest danger by the motorcycle dispatch carriers. They have been unduly and unfairly overshadowed by the airmen whose work, though probably not more dangerous is certainly more novel and spectacular. It is, therefore, of great value to have such a picture as this which, with unconscious but intense dramatic effect, shows the danger of the motor-rider. He has carried his papers through with splendid courage, but, severely wounded in the head, he falls fainting the instant the tense will to fulfil his duty is relaxed by its fulfilment. (See page 7.)

The French in the Vosges

THE French have been reporting progress in Vosges, getting things comfortable for the coming snows which cannot be long delayed now. The advance on Munster, which had been temporarily abandoned, has been renewed with great vigor, they say, and positions on the east of Sondernach to the southwest of Munster were captured and held in the face of three violent counter attacks and a heavy German bombardment. This French success was admitted in the German

(Continued on Page 23.)



When Hawk Met Eagle in Mid-Air.

The Drawing Depicts the Finish of an Air Battle Between an English Biplane and a Gigantic German Biplane. The Battle Concluded When the German Aircraft, with Engines Stopped, Nose-Dived to a Level of 2,000 Feet, and Then, Again on the Horizontal, Flew Away, Steering Erratically.

(Drawn by John De G. Bryan. © London Illustrated News.)

The British Craft Was Badly Damaged. A Shell Pierced the Gasoline Tank and the Leaking Gasoline Took Fire and Ran to the Front of the Machine. When the Aeroplane Reached Shelter Both the Pilot and the Observer Had Been Badly Burned, and Part of the Framework Destroyed.

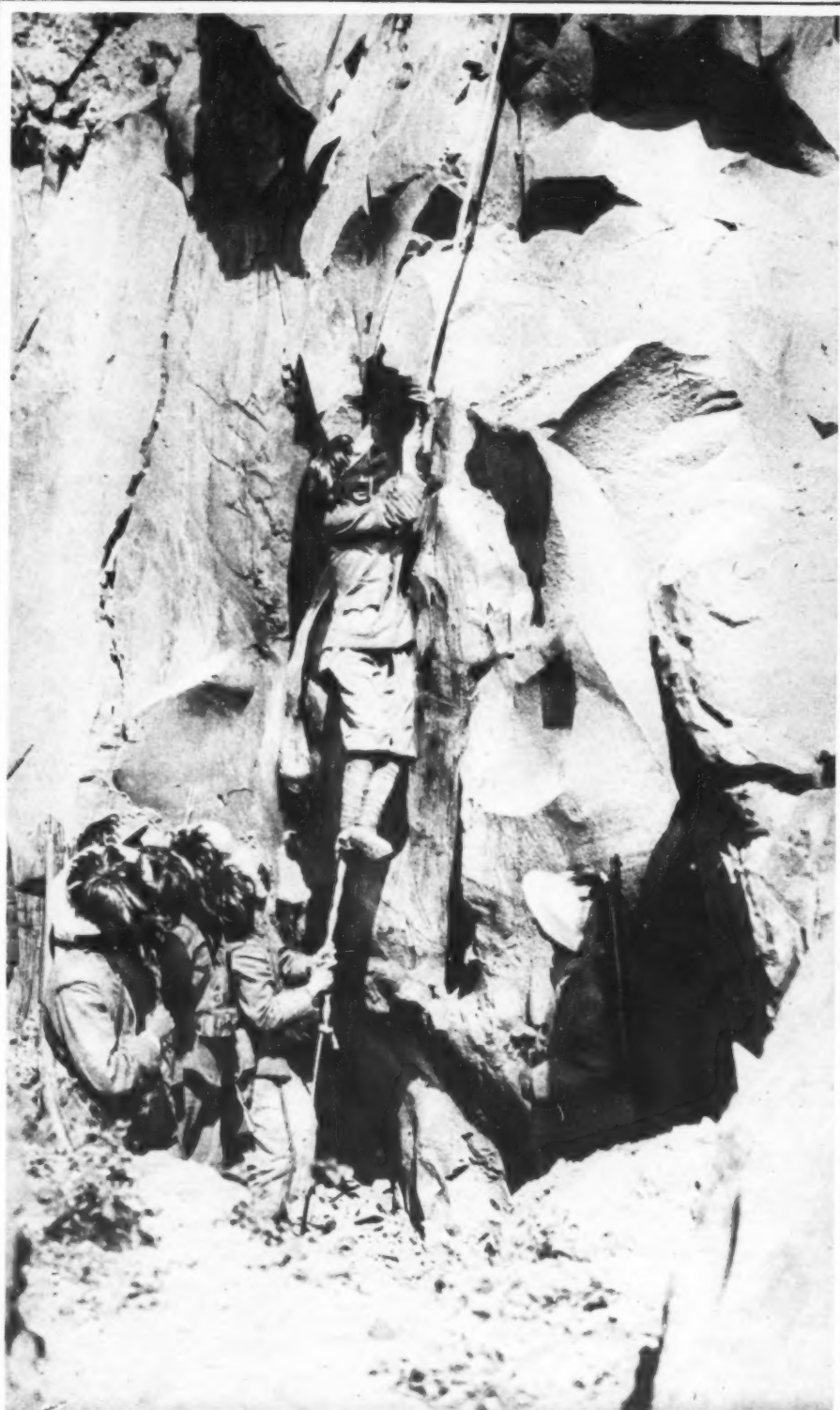


Where the English Lost Heavily

Above—The River Clyde Beached at the Gallipoli Peninsula by Her Commander in Order to Facilitate the Landing of British Troops. Note the Paint on Her Side to Imitate a Wave Breaking Over the Prow, in Order to Deceive the Enemy as to the Speed at Which the Ship is Traveling.

(© International News Service and Underwood & Underwood.)

Below—The Actual Landing: The Pontoon Bridge Between the Clyde and the Shore Became Broken, and in Restoring It Five Men Won the Victoria Cross. The Dead Can Be Seen in the Lighters and in the Water Around the Spit. On the Right a Few Men Are Dashing Up the Cliff. The Black Patches Along the Beach are Men, Mostly Dead.



In the Mountains

Above--The Arrest by the Italian Bersaglieri of an Austrian Mountaineer Accused of Being a Spy and Sniper. The Austrian's Little Daughter Is Crying.

Left Panel--Italian Troops Roped Together Are Scaling a Mountain Height. Thus Organized, Late in August, a Body of Italians Marched From Capaunas Milano and Crossed the Chamoni

With the Italians

Pass (11,000 Feet High) and Vedretta di Campo. It Then Scaled the Ice-Clad Tuckettspitz (11,000 Feet High) and Attacked a Party of Austrians.

Right Panel--A Detachment of Bersaglieri Passing Through a Mountain Town in the Austrian Tyrol.

(© International News Service.)



Homeless Peasants Being Fed at a Russian Station.

With the Russian Machine Guns

This Photograph was Taken Under Fierce Fire in a Russian Trench Near Brest-Litovsk. Immediately Before and After the Photographer Snapped His Camera the Rapid-Firer Was Working Incessantly Against the Enemy.

(Photos © Am. Press Assn.,
© Int. News Service.)



A Russian Fortified Camp in the East Prussian Territory.

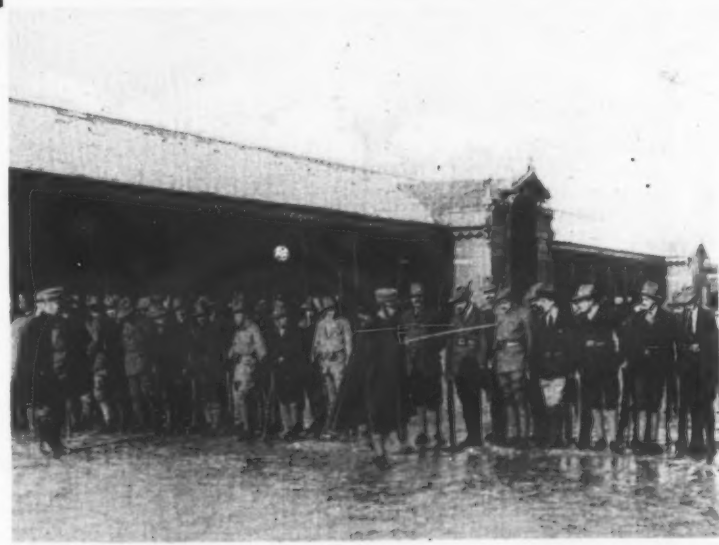


Presenting Colors to an Italian Regiment.

When Winged Death Sought the Rider

An Italian Dispatch Rider, Wounded, Has Managed to Stay on His Motorcycle and Reach the Nearest Italian Camp. There He Is Being Tended by the Italian Red Cross Doctor, While an Orderly Bears Off the Precious Dispatch.

(Photos © Am. Press Assn., Int. News Service, and Underwood.)



Italian Volunteers Are Inspected at Headquarters.



With the French in the Vosges

At Top—A Courier Arrives With Newspapers at a French Military Station in the Vosges. Centre—Ready to Leave for the Front With Their Mountain Packs.

Below—(Left) Placing One of a Battery of Heavy Pieces in Position. (Right) A Catapult Bomb Thrower—an Adaptation of the Old Cross-bow—in Use in a French Trench.

(Medem Photo Service, © Int. News Service, Press Illus. Co., and Underwood & Underwood.)



Cycle Scout Shooting From Edge of Woods.

French Sappers Make a Clearing for the Guns.



An Advance Trench at the Edge of a Field.

With the French in the Field

Above—A Battery of French Field Artillery Going Into Position Just Behind the Battle-front.

Below—A Company of French Dragoons Passing Behind the Line of Trenches on a Tour of Reconnoissance.

(Medem Photo Service and © International News Service.)



A Division of Reserves Advancing to the Front.



Where French Blood Ran Like Water.

After the Fight for Vauquois, in the Argonne, Which the French Won Only at Fearful Cost of Life. The Seventy-first Regiment of Infantry Went Into the Battle 4,000 Strong; Only 1,800 Survived. The Upper Picture Shows the Arms and Accoutrements of the Lost, Collected from the Battlefield. The Lower Picture Shows a Small Part of the Harvest of Death Among the French Infantrymen.

(Medem Photo Service.)



In Flanders With the Plucky Belgians.

Above—A Belgian Machine Gun in Position in a Trench Somewhere in the Corner of Belgium Still Held by King Albert and His Army. Note That the Young Artilleryman Looks Not Unlike His King.
Below—A Communication Trench in Flanders Passing Through a District Which Has Been Devastated by Shell Fire.

(Photos © American Press Assn.)

Photographs Just Received Show Effects of Przemyśl Siege



The Death Knell of Masonry Forts. What the Austrian 30.5-Centimeter Shells Did to Fort No. 11 at Przemyśl.
Note Between the Two Men the Big Shell Which Buried Itself in the Fort Without Exploding.





Assembling One of the Big 30.5-Cm. Austrian Siege Guns. The Smoke Is From Another, Which Is in Operation Further Off.

(Photos © Brown & Dawson, from Underwood & Underwood.)



Planning the Attack. General Martini of the Austrian Army and His Staff in the Field Before Przemyśl.



Part of the Captured Booty, Which Was Light: Second-Hand Clothing From a Russian Depot; in the Rear are Russian Prisoners.

Other Photographs from Przemyśl Will Be Found on the Next Page.



More Havoc Wrought by Austro-German Guns.

Above—Fort No. 9 at Przemyśl as the Germans and Austrians Found It When They Entered the Town. Part of This Havoc May Have Been Work of the Russians, Who Sought to Complete Destruction of the Forts Before They Evacuated Them. Below—The Broken Armored Gun Turrets of Fort No. 10. Note the Relatively Small Size of the Guns. Other Photographs of the Forts Are Shown on Pages 12 and 13.

(© Brown & Dawson, from Underwood & Underwood.)



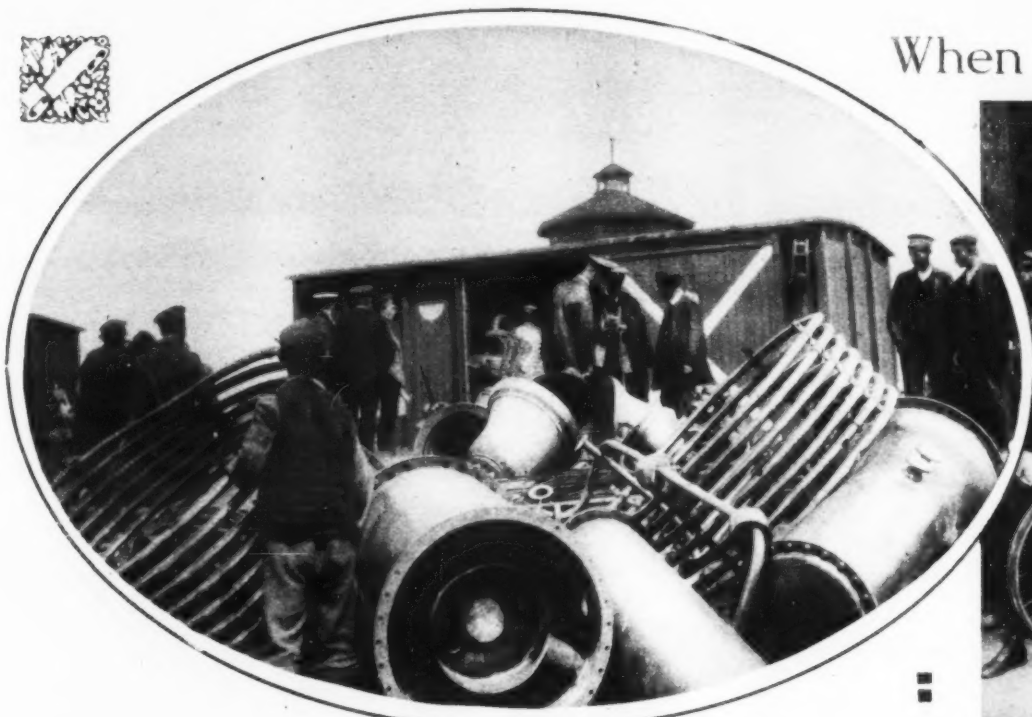
Where the German Ever Faces South.

Above—The Cathedral of Noyon, a Small City in the Northeast Corner of the Oise, in France, Occupied by the Germans.
Below—(Left) German Soldiers Marketing in Charleville, an Occupied French Town Near the Northern Boundary of Ardenne.
(Right) In the German Trenches, Long Occupied and Well Constructed.

(Photos from Paul Thompson, Henry Ruschin, and Press Illustrating Co.)



The Last Russian Battalions Hastening from the City as the Germans Were About to Enter (See Picture at Right).



The Russians Carried All Metal Away from Warsaw. Note That Even the Church Bells Are Being Shipped Away.

When Warsaw Fell: Scenes and Incidents of the



Russian Schoolboys Distributing the Last Mail Which Arrived Before the Germans Came; the Postmen Had Gone with the Russian Army.



The Russian Artillery in the Line of Retreat on the Road Leading East from Warsaw After Its Evacuation.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



The Siberians' Colors Are Being Borne Back to the Trenches Beyond Warsaw.

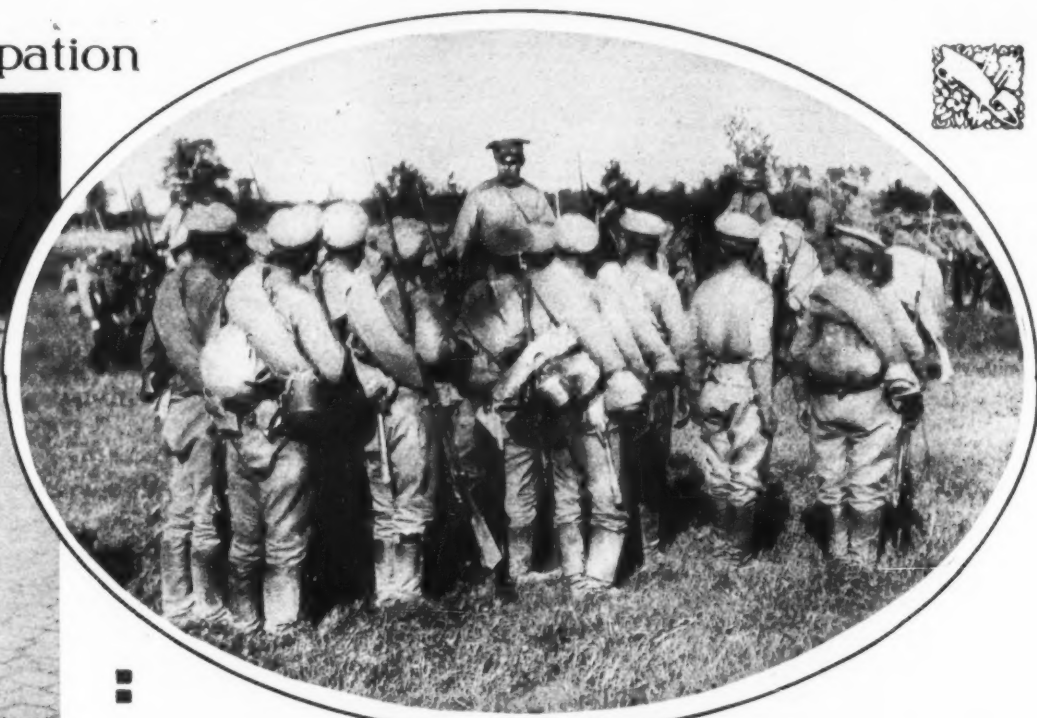


The Germans Entering Warsaw Just After the Last Russian Battalion Left the City (as Shown in Picture at Left.)

Russian Evacuation and German Occupation



The New Law As Given by the Conqueror; Reading the First Regulations Posted in Warsaw by the Bavarian Prince Leopold.



A Colonel of the Siberian Regiment Which Bore the Brunt of the Rearguard Actions Calling the Roll After the Battle.



A Polish Refugee Flees Before the Invaders with All His Earthly Possessions.



The Peasants Who Left Warsaw and Its Environs in Great Quantities on Their Way Before the Invading Teutons Arrived.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



Sons of India Rest in England

The British Authorities Have Taken to England Many of Their Wounded Colonials Who Require Time and Leisure to Recuperate from Their Battle Wounds. Among Them Are Many of the Troops from India Who Are Thus Getting a Glimpse of the Little Island Which Has so Long Ruled Over India. Here Is a Column on the Sands of Bournemouth.

(© Underwood & Underwood.)



Hindu Lancers Reconnoitring in Flanders.



Indian Troopers in the North of France.



Kitchener and Joffre Inspect

Quite Recently Lord Kitchener Paid an Extended Visit to the Immediate Front in France and Belgium. Accompanied by the French Commanders He Spent Long Periods in the Trenches. In the Photograph the Second in Line in the Trench is Joffre, Commander of the French Army, and the Last in Line Is Lord Kitchener, Britain's Chief War Lord.

(© Underwood & Underwood and
© Int. News Service.)



French Officers Dine in the Shelter of a Hayrick.



French Privates Cooking Behind a Ruined Building.



English Colonials in North Africa—Under the Pyramids.



In the Waters Around South Africa

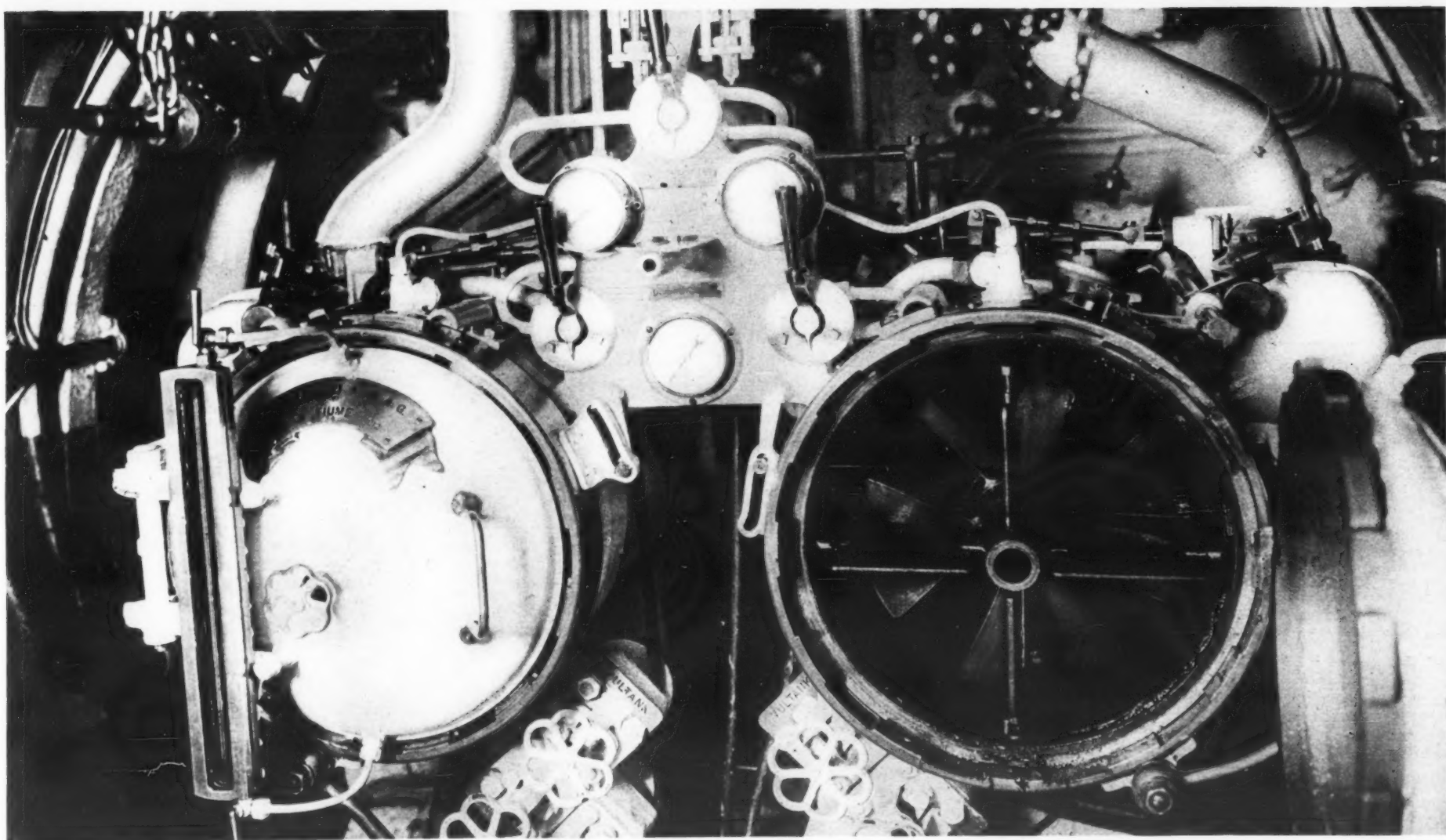
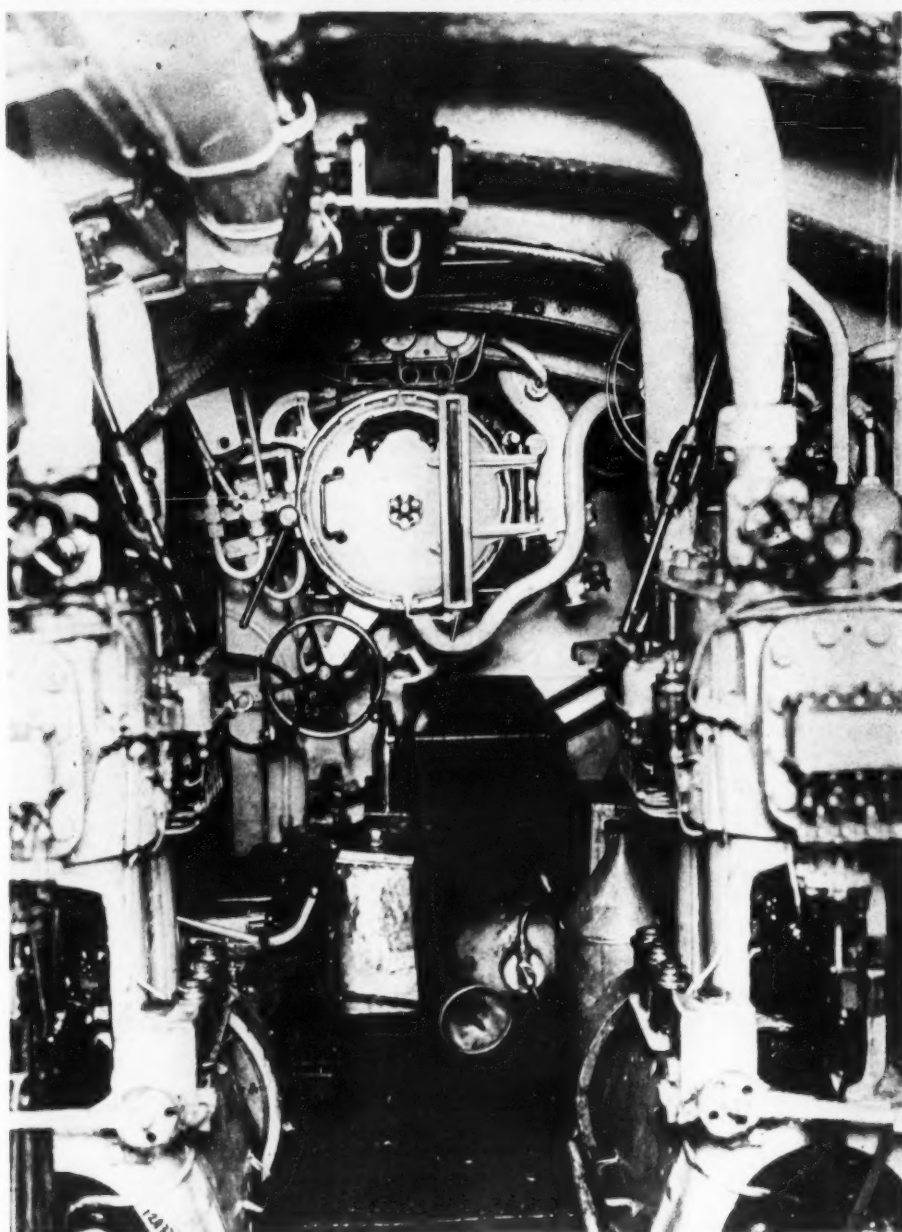
At Top—British Citizens On Board a Steamship as Refugees from German Colonies in the South African War Zone.

Below—Going Home from South Africa On Board a Union-Castle Liner. The Children Have Life-Belt Drills Every Day of the Long Voyage.

(Photos Underwood & Underwood, I. Susman, Paul Thompson, and © Int. News Service.)



Territorials in Egypt—Trench-Digging in the Desert.



Recruits for the British Navy.



Inside of a British Submersible

Left Panel—Interior View of a British Submarine. Note the Restricted Quarters in Which the Crew Has to Work; at Each Side Can Be Seen the Motors Which Propel the Craft.

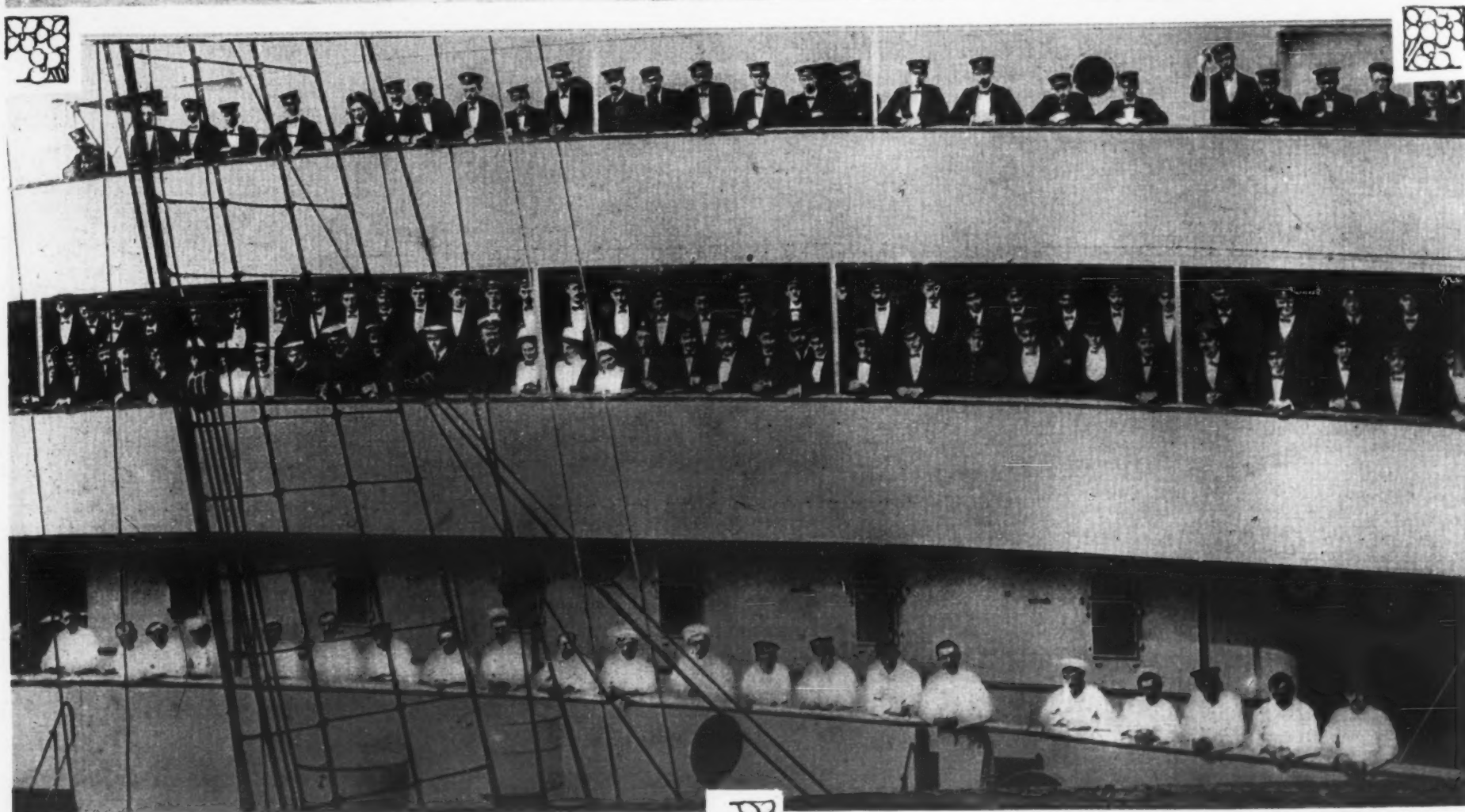
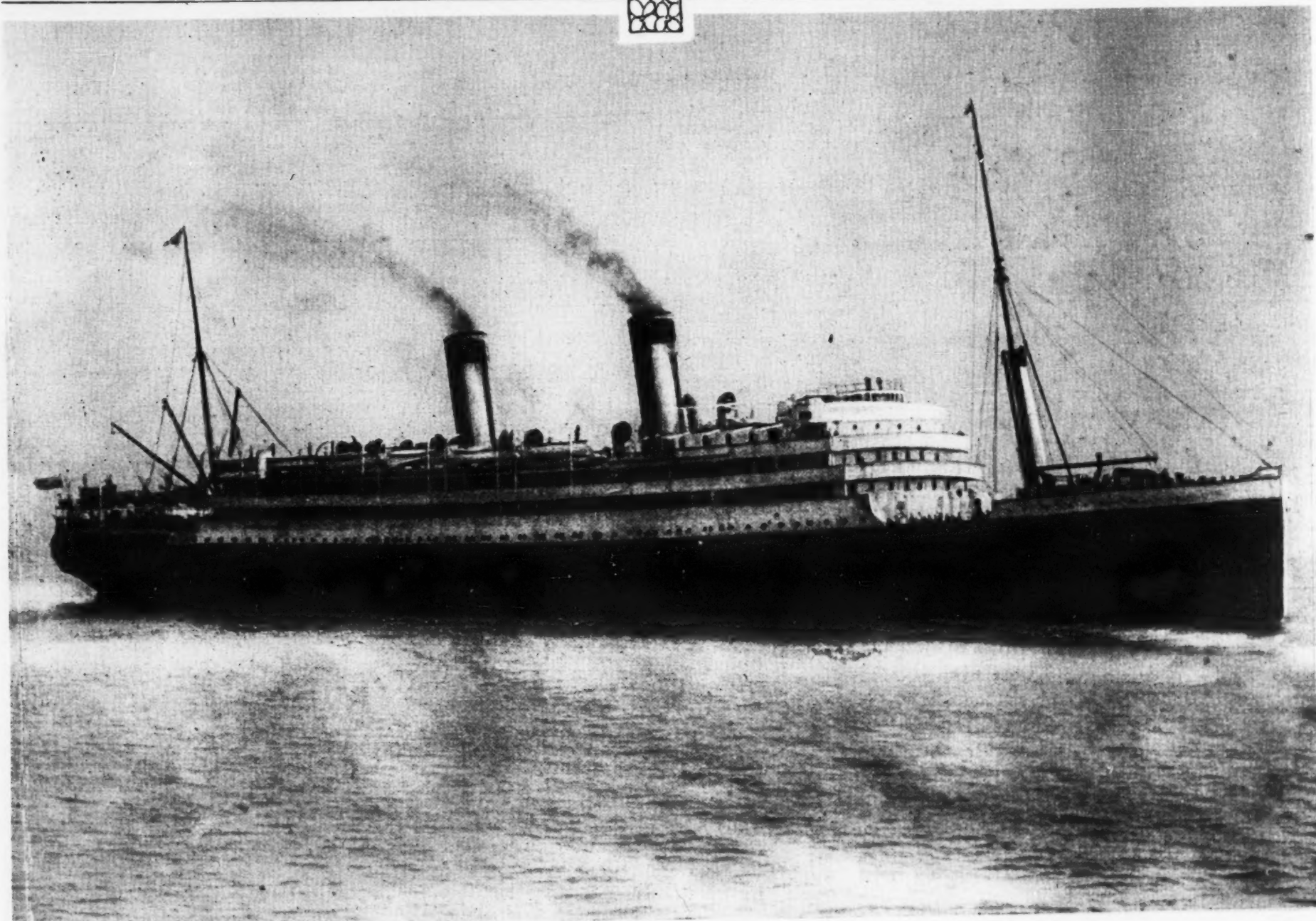
Right Panel—The Officer in Command Is Making Observations Through the Periscope. Note the Steering-Wheel at Left.

Below—Two of the Torpedo Tubes, One Closed, the Other Open to Show the Propellers of the Torpedo Inside It.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood and Paul Thompson.)



On the Pension List—An Old-Timer!



Colonials Disembarked from a British Ship.

The Loss of the Royal Edward

The "Royal Edward," which was recently sunk in the Aegean Sea by "an enemy submarine," according to the British Admiralty report, was, according to the same authority, the first British troop-ship sunk during the war. The two photos show the ship when she was in the trans-Atlantic passenger service. On board when she was sunk were 32 military officers, 1,350 troops, and 220 officers and crew. Of these, 600 were saved.

(Photos © American Press Assn. and Int. News Service.)



A British Troop-Ship in the Suez Canal.

Here and There Among the Pictures

(Continued from Page 2.)

official notices. While this attack was being pressed another advance was made along the Linge crest to the northeast of Sondernach and Metzeral. Enemy positions on the Schatzmannele summit were captured, the German losses being particularly heavy at this point. On the following days the advances in the Vosges met with added success on the Linge and Barrenkopf crests, where for the second time since the new drive toward Munster the official report recorded the capture of a number of enemy trenches. The chief significance of this double flank advance is that the German communications with Munster from north and south stand in imminent danger of being cut. That the Germans realize this is shown by their recent attempt to turn the French attack from the southwest by advancing along the Amarin Valley in order to ward off the threatened attack on Munster. This movement failed and the French drive toward Munster continues to make headway. The Germans have been endeavoring to force the French from their trenches by spraying streams of liquid fire over the parapets. But the French have invariably come back with impetuous valor where they have been forced to yield. (See page 8.)

A French Battery Under Way

THE time, the place and Rudyard Kipling have all come together, to illustrate our picture of a battery of French artillery: "Our guns," said an artillery officer, and smiled tolerantly on the last blue waves of the line already beating toward the horizon. They came, twelve abreast, a hundred and fifty guns, free for the moment to take the air in company behind their team, and next week would see them hidden singly or in lurking confederacies of two or three by mountain and marches, forest or the wrecked habitations of men. When the big guns followed them with that long-nosed air of detachment peculiar to the breed, the gunner at my side made no comment. He was content to let his arm speak for itself. The artillery passed on with the same inhuman speed and silence as the line and the cavalry's shattering trumpets closed it all. They all sympathize with our rough-rider of dragoons who flatly refused to take off his spurs in the trenches. If he had to die as a dammed infantryman he wasn't going to be buried as such! A troop horse of a flanking squadron decided he had had enough of war and "jibbed" like Lot's wife. His rider, we all watched him, ranged about till he found a stick, which he used, but without effect. Then he got off and led the horse, which was evidently what the brute wanted, for when the man remounted the jibbing began again. The last we saw of him was one immensely lonesome figure leading one bad but happy horse across an absolutely empty world. Think of his reception—the sole man of 40,000 who had fallen out! (See page 9.)

In the Argonne

VIOLENT fighting continues in the Argonne, where the conflict is said to have developed into a struggle with the new trench implements only, the nature of the ground making the old-fashioned kind of fighting impracticable. Hand grenades and bombs thrown at close quarters predominate over rifle ex-

changes, but the heavy French batteries continue to pound the German positions. It is interesting to know that young girls and women are the principal workers in the factories where these bombs, high explosive shells and similar devices are manufactured. One of the newest and most effective of the many kinds of hand grenades is called the "lemon," apparently without reference to a famous American phrase. It is made in the shape of a lemon, and at one end is provided with a sort of button with a coil spring. When pushed in this button sets off the grenade and if it worked too easily the handler might get the lemon instead of the handee. Before throwing the bomb you punch the button and leave it to the enemy to do the rest. The slaughter in the Argonne continues without much ground being gained or lost. It is a war of wastage, and, once this is recognized, it becomes less important where the enemy are killed. (See page 10.)

With the Belgians

FROM the far eastern front to Flanders the machine gun continues to make headway against the rifle, and, for certain kinds of work has shown itself to be the most effective weapon in existence. The rifleman can, of course, put five, in some makes of rifle ten, cartridges into the magazine of his rifle at once, and so pour in a fairly continuous stream of bullets. But even this is nothing to the hose action of the machine gun, which reels its projectiles off the ribbon with the dash and vigor of a moving picture machine, and, in parenthesis, when properly directed against the thick of an advancing troop it is likely to produce moving pictures in more senses than one. The German method of sending their men forward in dense masses, elbow to elbow, has played into the hands of the machine gunner, and it is likely that under such conditions of attack in mass, it has accounted for a bigger proportion of Teutonic losses even than the famous "75." (See page 11.)

Fortress versus Trench

FORTRESSES, with one conspicuous exception, have fared badly in the present war. Liege, Namur, Antwerp, Przemyśl, Ivangorod, Brest-Litovsk, each one has its tale of tragedy. The exception referred to is Verdun, which was the goal of the Crown Prince of Germany more than a year ago, and which is his goal still. But Verdun owes its safety to the brilliant defensive action of General Sarrail's army, which protected the fortress instead of being protected by it, in the first rush of the invaders toward Paris and Central France, and is has ever since owed its immunity to the vigilance of General Sarrail's successors, now that the gallant warrior has been transferred to the command of the French troops on the Dardanelles. Przemyśl fared exceptionally severely, since its forts were hammered first by the Russian Army of investment, which, however, had no very big guns; second, by the Austrian garrison, who destroyed as much as they could of the forts before giving them up to the Russians; third, they were hammered once more by the Austrians when they came back from the Dunajec; and, lastly, the Russians blew up what remained of them before allowing them to fall again into Austrian hands. (See pages 12 and 13.)

The Big Gun and the Fort

THE triumph of the big gun is an Austrian rather than a German triumph. This was revealed in the German dispatches recording the

fall of Liege. And again at Namur and Antwerp these big Austrian guns were used with stunning effect, which made resistance a practical impossibility. Austria has suffered heavily in other aspects of the fight, but the triumph of the big gun remains. The fort is doomed, seemingly for two principal reasons: first, because no structure can withstand the weight of metal and high explosive which the largest guns can now throw on a given point; and, secondly, because the position of a fort can be ascertained with absolute accuracy, and then it is only a question of hammering at a target. A modern trench, on the contrary, is very hard to see and still harder to hit with any good effect; while a modern battery, screened by bushes or trees, cannot be seen at all. (See page 14.)

Noyon Cathedral

NOYON is one of those little towns in northern France whose charm so perfectly expresses the French character. Really a very little town with only 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants, Noyon has yet a very definite individuality. It lies not far from the west bank of the Oise, which in its turn flows into the Seine, and has beet sugar factories and cast iron foundries. The Cathedral of Notre Dame is a beautiful twelfth century building with a facade dating some two centuries later than the oldest parts, but the bishopric is far older even than the cathedral, going back to St. Medard, who founded it in 531. The town hall is in the Renaissance style, and the whole of the little town was, until it fell within the war zone, made beautiful by the Frenchman's love of flowers, in the windows, in the squares and streets and even up to the tops of the public drinking fountains. (See page 15.)

After Warsaw Fell

THERE was a curious thoroughness and deliberation in the Russian departure from Warsaw, which was made necessary, not by any attack delivered against Warsaw itself, but by movements to the north and south which threatened outflankings. So, since the brunt of the fighting was elsewhere, the Russian leaders reported that they were able to complete the work of dismantling the city, carrying off everything that could be of military use to the invaders. Writing on Aug. 5, at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, a correspondent says: "I left Warsaw by the last train, which waited for the last wounded man. The bridges were blown up behind us. When we left the station German cavalry were already in parts of the city." To make this clear it should be understood that the broad stream of the Vistula divides Warsaw in two, and that the two railway stations are both in the eastern half, the suburb of Praga, which, when the two Vistula bridges, built by Tsar Alexander II, were blown up, was completely isolated from the main city of Warsaw, into which German cavalry were coming. The Germans did not get to Praga until several days later. (See pages 16 and 17.)

East Indians in England

IT is a part of the Karma of this war, as the East Indian would say, that all the nations under heaven are taking part in it, and representatives of all religions. Since the great day of separation at Babel there has never been such a mingling. The men of India, belonging to half a dozen distinct races, are fighting not only in France and Flanders, but at the Dardanelles, in Mesopotamia, in

South-East Africa, and it is in these torrid regions rather than in Europe that their splendid qualities show to the best effect, though the Goorkhas, coming from the Himalayan foothills, are familiar enough with snow. (See page 18.)

When Kitchener Met Joffre

HERE again Mr. Kipling providentially happens: "About that time Lord Kitchener, with General Joffre, reviewed a French army corps. We came on it in a vast dip of ground under gray clouds as one comes suddenly on water, for it lay out in misty blue lakes of men mixed with darker patches like reed beds and an undergrowth of guns, horses and wagons. When the Generals' cars arrived there was no loud word or galloping about. The lakes of men gathered into straight-edged battalions, the batteries aligned a little, a squadron reined back or spurred up, but it was all as swiftly smooth as the certainty with which a man used to the pistol draws and levels it at the required moment. A few peasant women saw the Generals alight. Then followed the inspection and one saw the two figures, tall and short, growing smaller side by side along the white road till far off among the cavalry they entered their cars again and moved along the horizon to another rise of the gray-green plain." (See page 19.)

In the Stomach of a Submarine

"SIR," said Captain Nemo, showing me the instruments hanging on the walls of his room, "here are the contrivances required for the navigation of the Nautilus. Here, as in the drawing room I have them always under my eyes, and they indicate my position and exact direction in the middle of the ocean. When I made the plans for this submarine vessel I meant that nine-tenths should be submerged; consequently, it ought only to displace nine-tenths of its bulk, that is to say, only to weigh that number of tons. It is an elongated cylinder with conical ends. It is very like a cigar in shape. The length of this cylinder, from stem to stern, is exactly 232 feet, and its maximum breadth is 26 feet." So wrote that Frenchman of genius, Jules Verne nearly a half century ago, of the submarine in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." And Jules Verne not only anticipated the modern submarine, he even drew with appalling vividness, a picture of the destruction of ocean liners with which we are now, unhappily, familiar. It is worth any one's while to follow Jules Verne's description in detail and compare it with the interior make-up of the most modern submersibles. (See page 21.)

The Loss of the Royal Edward

ENGLISH writers all underlined the fact, sufficiently remarkable in all conscience, that the transport Royal Edward, sunk in the Aegean, was the first British ship carrying troops to be successfully attacked since the beginning of the war, though England has carried men estimated at not less than a million, probably many more, and has safely brought troops over the seven seas. (See page 22.)

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Oversea Cartoons on War Themes



THE CHIEFEST CHIEF. The Grand Duke Nicholas, as the chief victim of German military progress is being styled by the other allied leaders, "Generalissimus" (Chief-Commander-in-Chief).—
© Lustige Blätter (Berlin).



AVE IMPERATOR! Disease: "Hail, Master! I have slain my tens, but you have slain thousands!"—*The Bulletin* (Sydney, Australia).



A SIMPLE PROPOSITION. Austria: "You are acting very unfairly, Mr. Jonathan; you are supplying goods to our enemies." Jonathan: "You can buy them too, if you'll fetch 'em!" Austria: "But our enemies won't let us fetch them!" Johnathan: "That's your lookout; not mine!"—*Westminster Gazette* (London).



GENERAL JOFFRE'S DREAM. "The Dying Gaul." (The artist intends thus to convey the idea that the French are undergoing severe losses of men).—(c) Lustige Blätter (Berlin).